

In Tenebris Lux

1949





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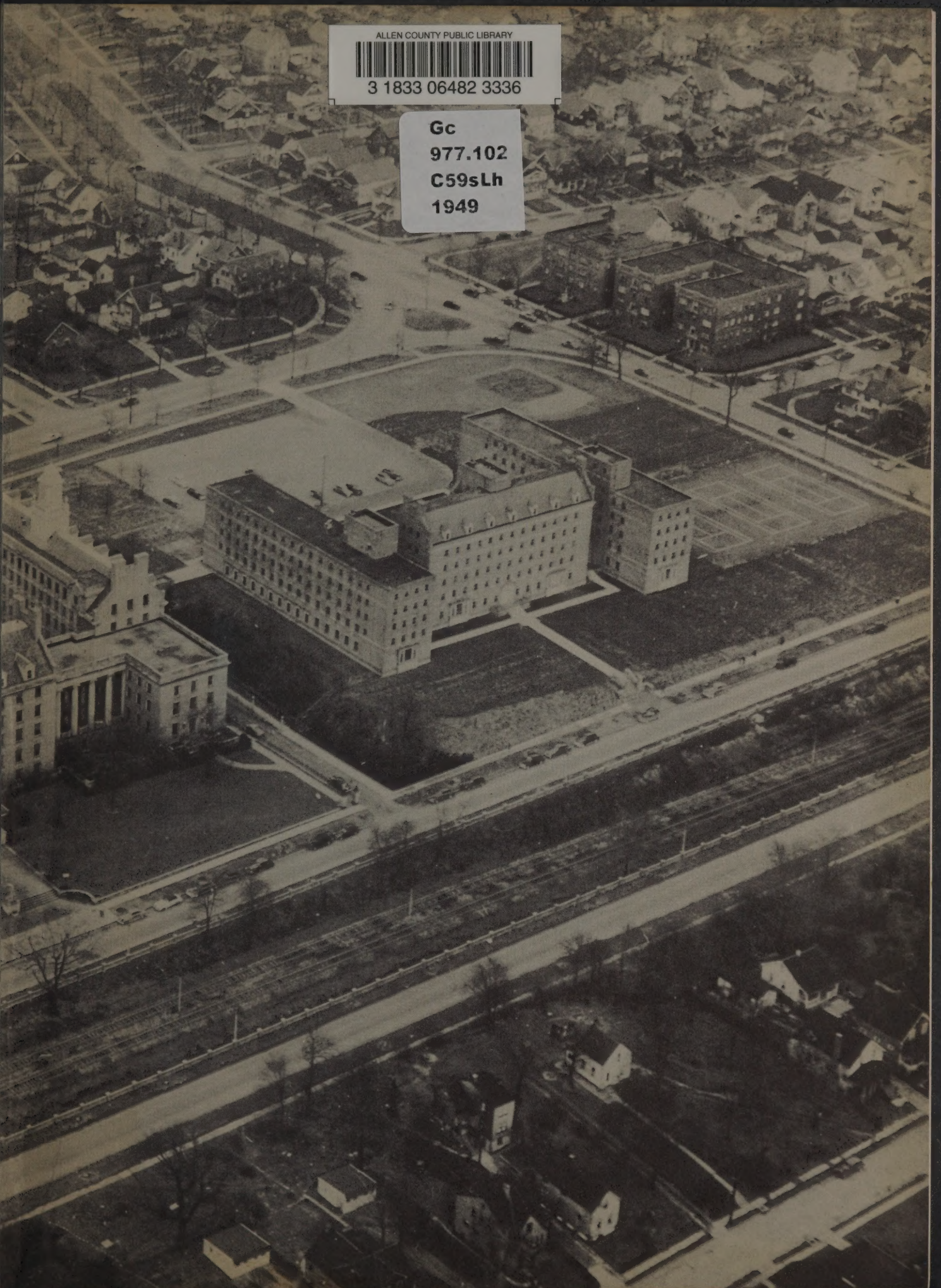
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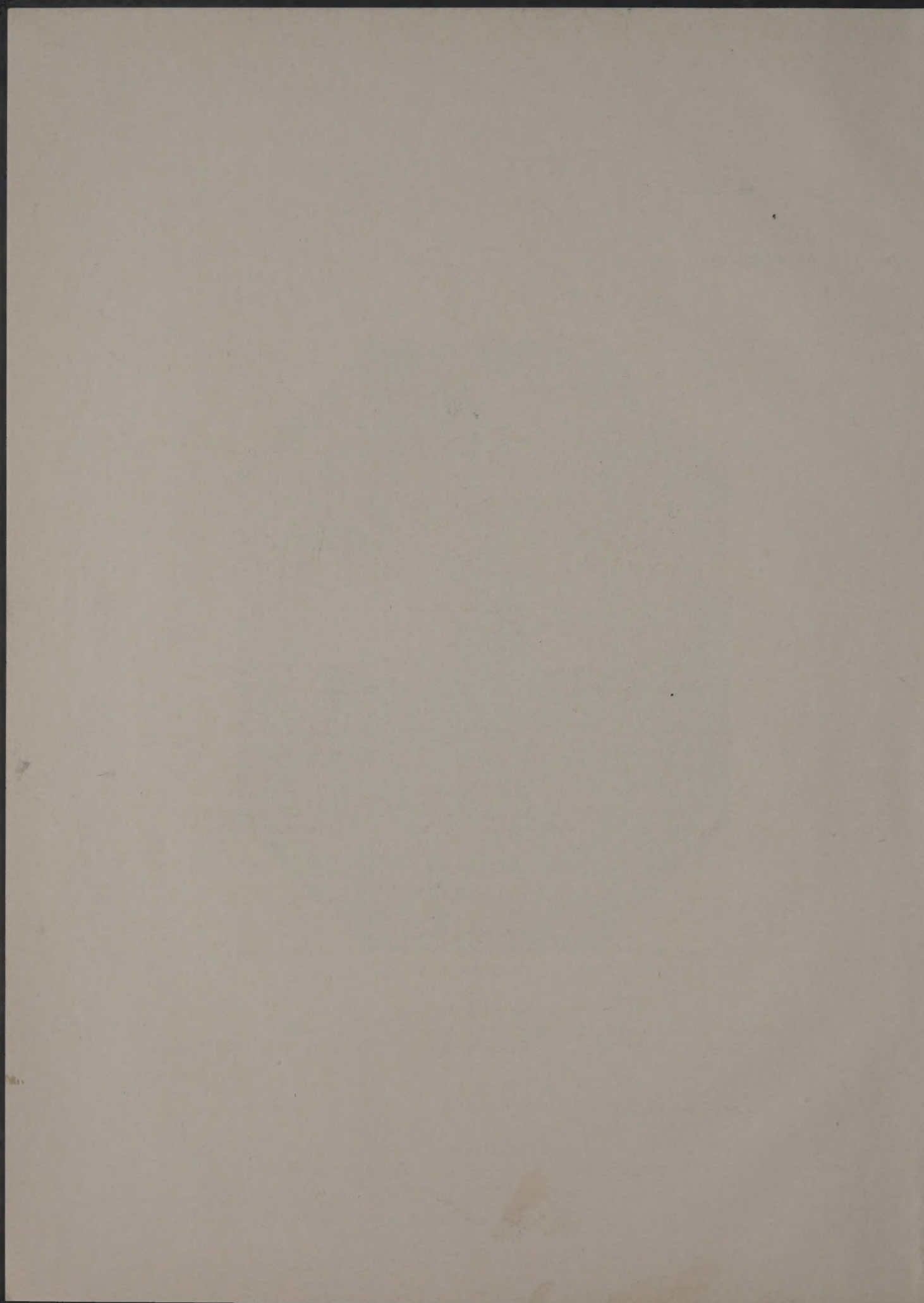
1949



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*Saint Luke's
Hospital*





In Tenebris Lux

VOLUME 1949

Saint Luke's Hospital
School of Nursing
Cleveland, Ohio

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Forward . . .

As we glance over these last three years and realize that at last we have finished our basic education in nursing, we find ourselves wondering if it is really true. We remember the moment when we first heard a patient call, "Nurse", and the thrill we knew when we realized he was addressing one of us. Then came the night we were first placed in charge of a division; we thought the world was against us: four new patients were admitted, one expired, and an emergency surgery had to have blood pressures taken every half hour. To accomplish everything seemed impossible, but somehow we managed to finish.

In looking back we recognize moments of discouragement in failure, and satisfaction in achievement; we remember nights of laughter and tears, of hope and despair. Now, as our course comes to a close, we introduce to you our story, the story of "In Tenebris Lux" light in the darkness.

The Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.





MISS MARIETTA DELCORSO
*Our lives are richer
for having known her*

Dedication

To one whose patience and understanding has guided us through the most difficult period of our nursing program, and whose fine professional knowledge and teaching ability we recognize and admire, we, the Senior Class, dedicate "IN TENEBRIS LUX".





FRED G. CARTER, M. D.
Superintendent

To the Class of 1949

I extend to all of you the best wishes and greetings of the family of Saint Luke's Hospital. May your efforts of the future be crowned with unlimited success and may you enjoy to the utmost your practice of the profession for which you have prepared yourselves so diligently.

You are of a generation that is witnessing the fabrication of a strangely different world than the one which preceding generations have known. I hope that you may be privileged to play a large part in the changes that take place and that your efforts at all times will be of a constructive nature. Wherever you may go and whatever you may do, always remember that we are interested in you and that we are anxious to know of your achievements.

Cordially yours,

F. G. CARTER, M. D.
Superintendent



KENNETH SHOOS
Administrative Assistant



WM. D. HOSKIN, M. D.
Administrative Assistant



MRS. MARION W. HALL
Director of Nurses

Greetings to members of the Class of 1949

You are now completing the basic education required to prepare as graduate nurses, and I know you are anticipating obtaining a great deal of satisfaction in practicing nursing.

There are many areas in this profession that offer numerous opportunities to the graduate nurse, and the prospect for the future of nursing seems to be most attractive. People will always need intelligent nursing care, and the total health team of the hospital requires the services of professional nurses.

I trust that many of you will seek further formal education and find real joy and satisfaction in advanced professional opportunities. Some of you will soon become members of new communities and you will be looked upon as persons who can aid in the solution of community problems.

And so, I extend to you all my sincere wishes for your success and happiness in your professional life and also in meeting the social responsibilities demanded of you as members of the community group where you live.

Cordially yours,

(MRS.) MARION W. HALL
Director, Department of Nursing



MRS. EUGENIA MOTOCK
Administrative Assistant (resigned)



MISS M. RUTH SMITH
Director of Education

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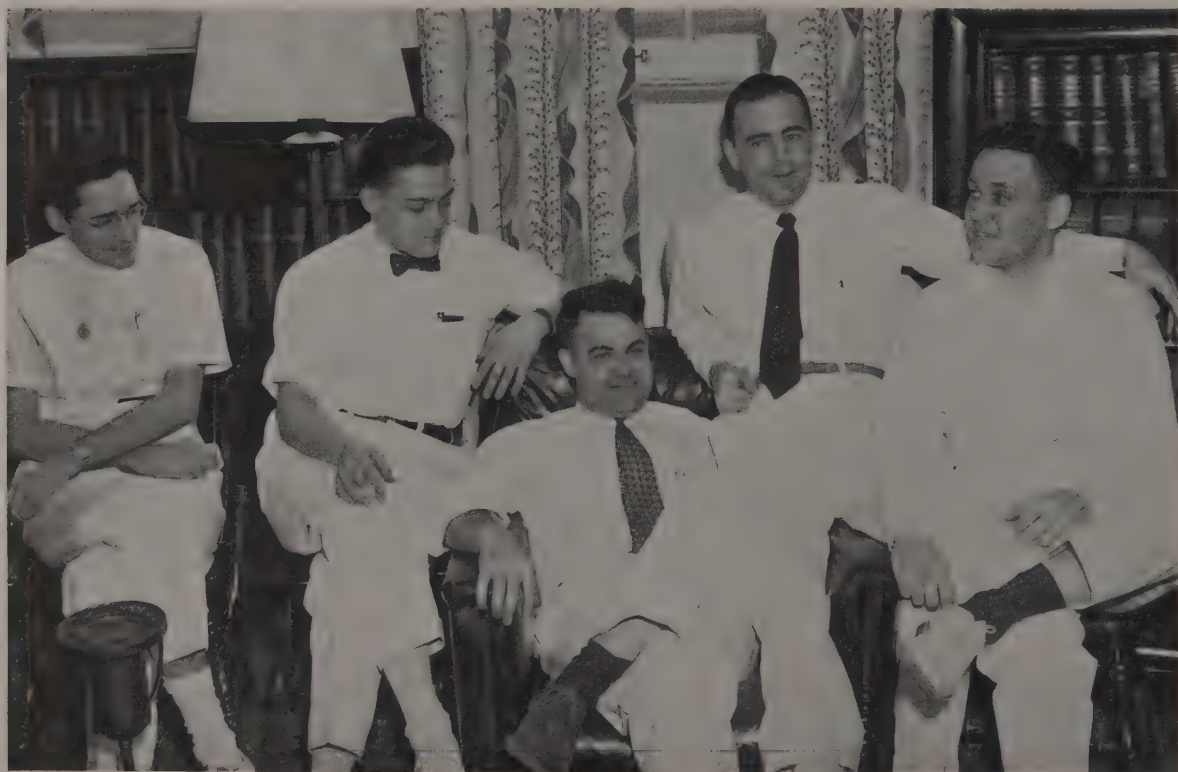
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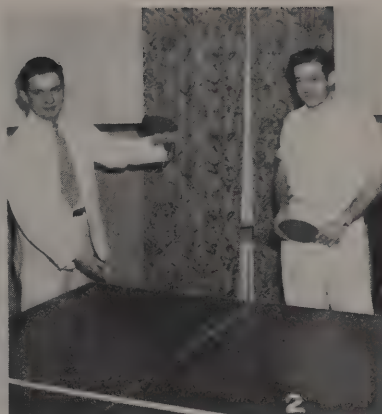
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J. N. Field, D. W. Wardell, A. E. Handy, J. B. Brown, B. F. Suffron.

Off Duty Moods



1. Airing the Pages

Doctors Crawford, Brown, Attridge,
Kruger.

2. Delicate Game for Champs

Doctors Hammersley and Baumbaugh.

3. Cuddles and I

Dr. S. O. Adams.

4. Relaxing with stacked decks

Doctors Jones, Donaldson, Herrick,
Handy, Wardell.

5. Behind the Eight Ball

Doctors Stoner, Black, Loftis, Gardner,
Hughes.

6. Medics and their Mail

Doctors Cooke, Spiller, Kreider.

Supervisors and Instructors



J. Weiler, D. Schmutz, B. MacIvor, J. Bell, D. Lloyd, M. Tschischek, E. Kish, G. Tropf.



E. O'Donnell, E. Fiszeri, C. Lieb, R. Leslie, E. Anderson, J. Heller. Seated: R. Stockwell.

Relief and Night Supervisors

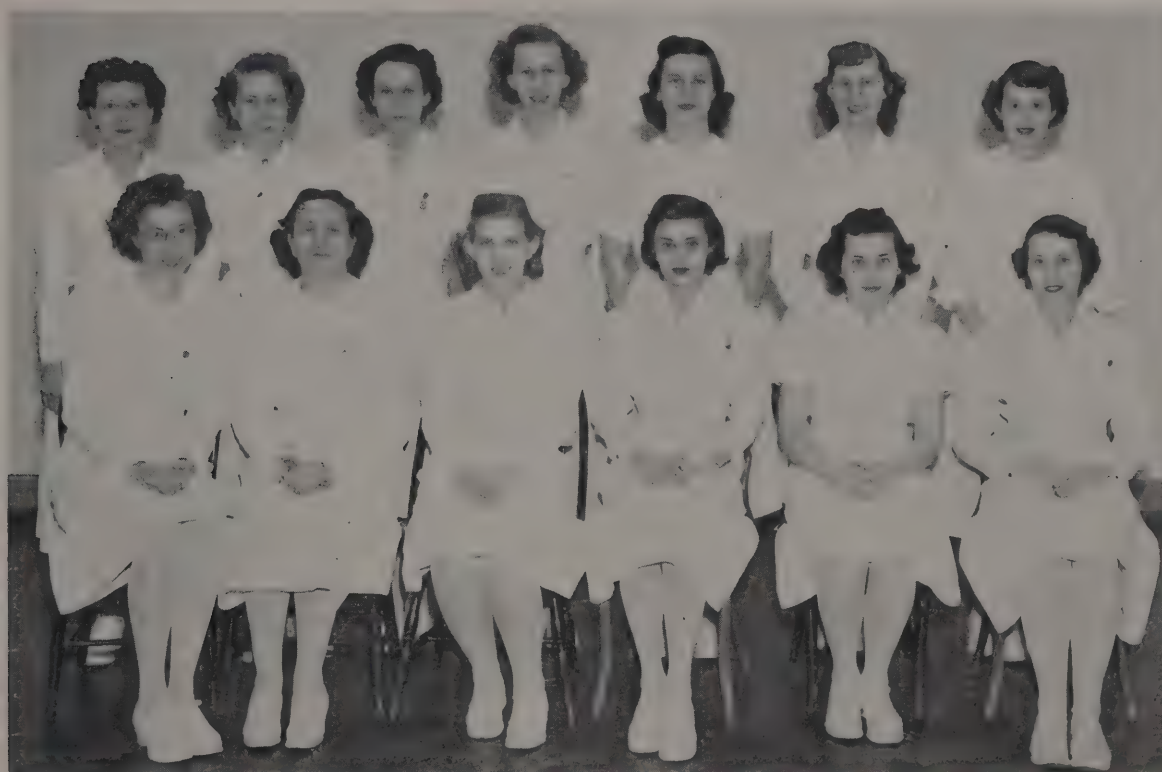


J. Summerville, E. Pratt, S. Bibel.



M. Boehm, O. Washinka. Seated: D. Schleicher

Head Nurses and Assistants



Seated: E. Creed, P. Bennardo, D. Malinowski, E. Grod, E. Rowinski.

Second row: E. Bukovina, M. Logan, P. Sugden, M. Peterson, J. Zimmer, M. McLin, H. Heilman.

Not pictured: E. Crain, M. Del Corso, B. Epstein, A. Goodhart, M. Graff, M. Logan, R. Loher, D. Meyers, L. Snyder, J. Stanley, R. Staub, M. Stewart, A. Webster, K. Burt, M. Fallert, J. Scaravelli, M. Toth, J. Zimmer.

Dietary Department



Seated: B. Tackas, M. Espy, M. Slentz.

Standing: T. Rice, J. Dolman, M. Kenneally, D. Vann, J. Potts.



M. Habiger, P. Altman, B. Newkirk, J. Bowen, R. Gleason.

Senior Class of 1949

A poor man served by thee
Shall make thee rich;

A sick man helped by thee
Shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself
by every sense

Of service which thou renderest.

E. B. Browning



Total Darkness . . . Preclinicals

As we, the 49er's, passed through the portals of our future Alma Mater, we cast aside our cloak of adolescence and assumed the mantle of maturity. The friendliness and genuine interest shown by our instructors and upper-classmen helped us to begin our adjustment to institutional living, and to overcome the first pangs of homesickness.

Our "safari" to the cafeteria for dinner, the Big-Little Sister Party, the Sunrise Service, the tour through the hospital, and the overwhelming number of books with which we were laden preceded our first day of classes. Three months of concentrated study and practical experience in the nursing arts laboratory exposed us to the essentials of nursing and prepared us for our first six weeks of duty on the divisions.

With a mixed feeling of pride, uncertainty, and apprehension, we faced our patients for the first time. With practice and experience, the hour or two that it took us to give one patient complete nursing care was soon reduced to less than a quarter of that time. Before we knew it, our preclinical period had ended and we returned to classes for second theory and an education which pertained more precisely to nursing.

After six months of existing in this period of "Total Darkness", we were qualified to don the "crowning glory" of the nursing profession. Hair off the collar, uniform trim, shoes neatly polished, we were at last prepared to receive our caps. The solemnity of the candlelight ceremony inspired our audience as we, with beaming faces and rapidly beating hearts, recited, "I solemnly pledge myself before God"



CAPPING

Beginning to See The Light . . . Juniors



G. Dublino, S. Hawkins, M. Garl.

Another of our specialized services was the diet kitchen. Planning menus, writing diets, serving trays, attempting to satisfy patients' idiosyncracies; and finally that endless week of collecting isolation trays, all combined to make "D.K." an interesting change. These duties helped us to realize the necessity for complete coordination between the dietary and the nursing departments in order to give the best possible treatment to our patients.

Obstetrics . . . and with it the thrill of showing a newborn infant to his proud and greatly relieved father. Most of us never knew which of the parents spent the most difficult hours during labor.



Dr. Gardner, Proud Father, L. Braden, J. Summerville

One year gone by. Second theory had ended and we were now prepared for our special services. It was with fear and great anticipation that we began our work as surgical scrub nurses. The first time we set up a major laparotomy table we thought we would never learn to identify the numerous instruments. Craniotomies, lobectomies, gastric resections, plastic surgery and arthroplasties — it seemed inconceivable that we were actually assisting with major operations performed by noted surgeons. With Dr. McCall's words, "Anyone can be slow," resounding throughout surgery, we learned to work more quickly and efficiently. After eight very fascinating weeks in surgery, most of us were reluctant to leave.



B. Birkbeck

Will you ever forget: Dr. Speicher and his "loud" neckties which he proudly displayed during our obstetrical lectures; Dr. Hemmings and his ward rounds and his concern about our "Aunt Minnie"; Dr. Jordan and his quizzes during deliveries . . . especially at three or four o'clock in the morning?

Through the patient efforts of Miss Kish, our clinical instructor, and the members of the obstetrics department, we tried to learn well our theory and practical work. Needless to say, we filed away some of this knowledge for our own future reference.



STUNT NIGHT

Memories

MEMORIES . . . MEMORIES . . . memories of activities which high-lighted our three years at St. Lukes. Ranking first among these is the annual Stunt Night when each class presents a skit in Prentiss Auditorium. An air of mystery surrounds the secret meeting places of the class groups as they frantically prepare their skits in an effort to win the coveted gold cup. The basis for judging the winners are originality of costume, skill of performance, and character of scenery. In 1947, our first year of performing together, we were the happy recipients of the prized cup.

Where shall we go? What shall we eat? What shall we wear? These were only a few of the questions asked as the juniors planned for the annual Junior-Senior Banquet. Following a program of entertainment provided entirely by the classes, we left the College Club completely satisfied by the delicious chicken dinner and the success of the evening.

Balloons, colored streamers, and gaily decorated tables and booths set the scene for our miniature carnival. After many hours of decorating and planning for this affair, we were all ready to try our luck at penny pitching, dart throwing, roulette, the minature bowling alley, and the activities in the penny arcade. The aroma of grilled cheese sandwiches and hot dogs tempted the hungry crowd as it tried its luck at various concessions. Dancing to soft romantic music played on our reliable recorder contributed to the success of the evening.



CARNIVAL TIME

Affiliations



1. On the Steps of "City". 2. Ah - Spring!! 3. The New St. Luke's Look. 4. Jimmie and Ann. 5. New Friends—Dennie and Gene. 6. "Racketeer" Shirl. 7. The Pause That is Refreshing. 8. Shower for the Bride.

Two years at St. Lukes' and then off to the City Hospital and Babies and Children's Hospital at Western Reserve University for our seven months' period of affiliations. Contagious diseases with emphasis on poliomyelitis and tuberculosis, psychiatry, and pediatrics opened the doors to new fields of nursing. Memories of "psycho" dances, "Tom's", "Wade's", and campus life at Reserve will always be treasured by us.

Then Came the Dawn—Seniors

After completing our affiliations, we returned to St. Luke's to finish our course in nursing, to play the role of seniors, and to take advantage of the newly acquired unlimited restrictions for seniors. Our return was made even more desirable by the fact that we were to live in the new residence which had been under construction for about four years. We were immediately impressed by its spaciousness and modernity, inadequately suggested by the inscription "Nurses' Residence" above the main entrance.

We were each assigned to one of the 302 single rooms equipped with bed, desk, lounging chair, dresser, lavatory and cedarlined wardrobe.

The inter-communication system from the reception desk was a definite improvement over the former "call system". There was no excuse for missing our long-awaited phone calls when we could hear our names being paged over the amplifier.

But the grandeur of our residence, not limited to our living quarters alone, was exemplified by the spacious and exquisitely furnished lounge in the west wing. The balance of color and form gave the lounge a dual appearance, for it was not only amply furnished for elaborate social functions, as receptions and teas; but also, it was furnished in such a way as to provide a "cozy corner" for informal get-togethers, made more enjoyable by the entertainment provided by the Capehart radio-phonograph player.

Over two thousand volumes of reference books and popular and classical literature line the shelves of the wormy-chestnut paneled library. Fluorescent lighting, comfortable furnishings, and the browsing room make the library conducive to reading and studying.

A dozen date booths containing love seats and comfortable chairs, make the entertainment of beaus more interesting.

The recreation room with the ping pong tables, a miniature bowling alley, a Skittle Board, a record player, and a kitchenette acts as a center of quiet entertainment "at home" for our penniless dates. When cleared of its recreational facilities it can easily be transformed into a ballroom, a work shop for handcraft or other types of group activity.



Bags and Baggage



Center of Knowledge

There is something more about the residence than its newness, or its modernness, or its conveniences; something more than a place of work and relaxation, entertainment of friends, or intra-hospital functions. Perhaps the "something more" comes with the recognition of the residence as "home."



Snow Ball

The new residence provided a stimulus for increased social activity. Our first opportunity to really display the attributes of our spacious lounge arose when we had a Punch Party preceding our Christmas formal at the Pine Ridge Country Club. This dance was given with the students at the Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing in an effort to become better acquainted with them socially. Our girls, who were on affiliations, came "home" before going to the dance in order to participate in our "mixer", a successful forerunner to the "Snow Ball".

Just as the Punch Party initiated our lounge, the Christmas Bazaar began a series of group activities in the Recreation Room. A zealous bunch of girls, equipped with hammers, thumb tacks, and large rolls of white paper began decorating the room the night before. They worked until early morning decorating the barren windows and transforming the room into a festive, holiday scene. Soon tables were piled high with a large array of donations from understanding merchants and friends, and, as the day progressed, more gifts arrived. Flowers, greeting cards, Chinese figurines, hand made objects, candy, home-baked cakes, and a large variety of miscellaneous articles were neatly displayed around the room. On the stage were a lovely Christmas tree which we spent long hours decorating, and an artificial fire-place, over which hung stockings filled with delicacies. The fragrance of flowers and food mingled in the air as the seniors worked with untiring efforts to make a success of the evening. Our efforts were not in vain when we realized the interest shown by enthusiastic patrons.

The many facilities in our new residence did not detract from the conveniences of Prentiss Auditorium. Therefore, when an occasion arose to entertain a large crowd, we turned to Prentiss. The annual Christmas Party was one of these occasions. A program planned primarily by "Personnel" with the participation of other departments in the hospital, is one of the major features of the holiday season. It is no wonder that everyone looks forward to it with great anticipation.

At this time also, the Service Awards are presented to members of the hospital staff who have faithfully devoted their time and efforts to St. Lukes Hospital for three years or more.



Xmas Tradition



Dedication Day

The untiring efforts of Dr. Carter and his assistants, who represent the Board of Trustees of St. Luke's Hospital, in making this new residence a dream come true were finally brought to a climax on January 26th, when the building was formally dedicated. Following the address by the Reverend Karl P. Meister and the dedication ceremony, student nurses conducted tours for visitors throughout the home. The festivities of the day closed with a tea which was held in the two main lounges.

The final touch to the celebrations of this memorable week was a Dedication Dance sponsored by the senior class. The wax on the newly laid floors gleamed brightly as dancers twirled to the music of the Sophisto-Cats, the orchestra initiating the stage in the recreation room.



Dedication Dance

Completion of History

Our last few months as students found us caught in the terminal whirl of senior social activities. Who will ever forget that night in April when we made the radical transformation from trim uniforms to the latest street fashions at the Junior-Senior Banquet? This was truly our year for "dress-up" occasions.

In addition to the Junior-Senior Banquet, an alumnae luncheon was held at the Cleveland Hotel. It was a few days later that instructors, supervisors, head nurses, and graduates entertained us with an informal party.

In immaculate student uniforms, we all gave thanks to God at our Baccalaureate services on April 24th. The address by Dr. Bernard C. Clausen duly impressed us by the relationship of religion to our profession and in our daily lives. Marching to the traditional strains of "Pomp and Circumstance," we again entered Prentiss Auditorium the following evening. As Mrs. Hall placed the sparkling pin on our starched long-sleeved uniforms, we at last felt we were a real part of this proud profession - nursing. Though this was not the end for most of us and an anti-climax for many, there was nothing to stifle the feelings of excitement and solemnity which the occasion incurred.

After 1095 days of study and practice, the long awaited Finishing Breakfast. Three vivid red roses, each signifying a year of education; a candle glowing with friendship; and the eager smiling faces, wistful with reminiscence and anticipation, designated this day as the beginning of our role as a graduate. A feeling of sadness momentarily lingered over the group as friends joined hands to sing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds" and "Auld Lang Syne". A wisp of flame was visible as our blue cross went up in smoke, thus closing the door on our student days.



Finishing Breakfast

Class Officers '48—'49

YANNEY, FLORA

President

*Active always, talking ever,
witty and merry, decidedly
clever.*



CROSS, JOAN

President

*The impromptu reply is the
touchstone of wit.*

HORNYAK, VERNA

Vice President

*A laugh to be joyous must
flow from a joyous heart.*



TRASK, MILLICENT

Vice President

*Sincerity and truth are the
basis for all her virtues.*

STANTON, ROSALIND

Secretary

*If you have knowledge, let
others light their candles by
it.*



GALEHOUSE, NORMA

Secretary

*True popularity takes deep
root and spreads itself wide.*

VAN CURE, DOROTHY

Treasurer

*A perfect woman nobly
planned, to warm, comfort
and command.*



BELL, AUDREY

Treasurer

*Her friends are many; her
foes—are there any?*

ANDERSON, AUDREY
A rich life is hers who is lov-
ing and loved.



BAUGHMAN, DORIS
A fetching lass with a con-
tagious smile.



BEAR, JUNE
Her sweetness charms them
all.



BENNING, MARGARET
Pains of love be sweeter far
than all other pleasures are.



BERTKA, JUANITA
Great things come in small
packages—and so does dyna-
mite.



BERTSCHE, VIVIAN
One result of careful molding.



BLAKEY, MARJORIE
Her heart is like a trolley car,
always room for one more.



BUCHANAN, BARBARA
Such sweet compulsion doth
in music lie.



CHAPMAN, JEAN
As pretty as the springtime.



DALPRA, ELEANOR
She has laughing lips and
roguish eyes.

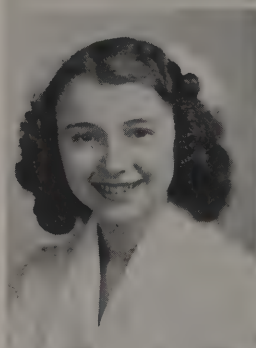


NICHOLS, ROBERTA DARBY
A companion, truly companionable.



DAVIS, JANE
She has a briskness all her own that will aid her where she roams.

DAY, DORIS
Happiness consists of activity, love consists of loving.



DIENES, MARY ANN
Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

DILGREN, RILLA
A light heart lives long.



DUBLINO, GERALDINE
The blush is beautiful but sometimes inconvenient.

DUGA, SARA
She capers, she dances, she has the merry eyes of youth.



EBLE, ANN LOUISE
An alabaster box-full of precious jewels.

FAULK, DOROTHY
There is no remedy for love—but to love more.



FICHTNER, SHIRLEY
Good nature is one of the richest fruits of life.

FRUM, SALLY
A calm, hushed, rich countenance.



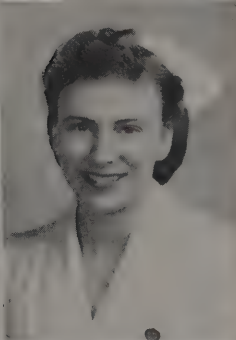
GALLAGHER, GENEVIEVE
Ready for mischief, this lovely lass, keeps things humming in every class.



GIBBONS, JOAN
Here is a girl with a personality all her own.



GOLDEN, NANCY
Punctual—like morning.



GRIFFITH, MARY
Skin more fair and far more glorious hair.



GRUSE, DOROTHY
Quiet, but—oh, so nice.



KLINE, JACQUELINE
I'll charm the air to give a sound.



KOMARA, GENEVIEVE
Her mirror is to be envied.



LEIGHNINGER, ROBERTA
The charmer whose dimples we prize.



LEMMO, JENNIE
I may be as good as I please, if I please to be good.



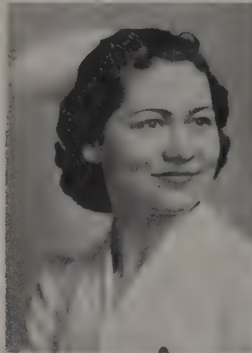
MASSARD, MARGARET
Skill to do comes of doing.



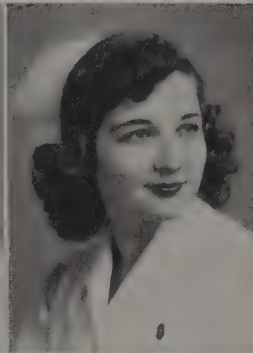
MAY, PATRICIA
*From a little spark, may burst
a mighty flame.*



MILLER, BETTIE
Her smile is her fortune.



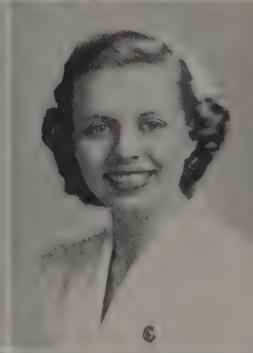
MYERS, GEORGANNE
*A tender heart, a will in-
flexible.*



NELSON, JACQUELINE
*Shares our sorrows, doubles
our joys.*



NOVAK, NANCY
*A faithful friend is the medi-
cine of life.*



ORMISTON, MARY
Sweet and petite.



PALENSCHAT, MARILYN
*A quiet voice and a pleasant
smile take you many a mile.*



PERRY, NORMA LOU
*Full of frolic, full of fun, sym-
pathetic with everyone.*



PIMSNER, MARY ANN
There's language in her eyes.



PROBST, EVELYN
An active mind, ideas clever,
full of fun, jolly ever.



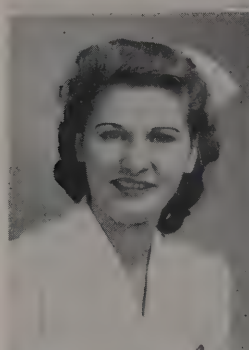
PURPURA, JOSEPHINE
A born leader with person-
ality plus.

RENCK, EARLA
Throw away the books. Let's
have fun.



RICHEY, NORMA JEAN
Altogether pleasing.

SCHUMAN, DOROTHY
A merry heart makes a
cheery countenance.



SHUMAKER, MARY JO
Laugh and the world laughs
with you.

THOMS, SHIRLEY
It's nice to be natural, when
you're naturally nice.



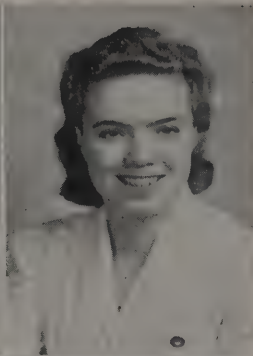
TOWLE, JEAN MARIE
The force of her own merit
makes her way.

VAN GORDER, SHIRLEY
Justice while she winks at
crime, stumbles upon inno-
cence sometimes.



VAN SICKLE, JACQUELINE
She speaks, behaves and acts
as she "ought".

WEBER, JEAN MARIE
A maiden thoughtful and
friendly in manner.

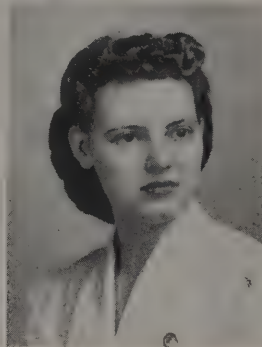


ARNOLD, CAROLYN WILLS
Joy rules the day and love
the night.

YENNE, DONNA LOU
What wisdom can you find
that is greater than kindness.



YOUNG, BEVERLY
A blithe heart makes a
blooming visage.



ZILK, JEAN
She has much wit, and is
never shy of using it.

The New Woman

I had heard of a wonderful woman,
A woman the people call "new";
I determined to seek and to find her,
And learn for myself if 'twere true.

I sought for her first in home circles,
But there I could find nothing new;
Grandmothers in art of home making
Had been as successful and true.

I sought her in courts of high splendor,
In banquets of mirth and of song;
Would I find her here, blazing with diamonds,
In the midst of a worshipful throng?

Nay, woman has led at the banquet
Since Anthony fell at her power,
And woman has thrilled by her singing
Since Miriam's triumphant hour.

Then where can I find the new woman?
Alas, I must give up the quest,
The hand of disease has disabled
And I am commanded to rest.

A gentle one ministers to me,
Most watchful each want to perceive,
With cheery and hopeful word ever
My burden of care to relieve.

Prostrate and helpless before her,
With no special favor to plead,
She gives me the tenderest service,
Her only incentive—my need.

With never a look of impatience
And not because I am her own,
I am simply a subject who suffers,
And she is a queen on her throne.

Behold I have found the new woman,
She comes to me here on my bed;
She wears a striped gown and white apron
And a little white cap on her head.

—LUCY H. WASHINGTON

Class Prophecy

This is the prophecy of '49,
Swell bunch of girls, for whom we now pine.
Their talents were as different as night and day.
We'll tell you their futures, in a queer sort of way.

Anderson made two requests of the lamp of Aladdin
And neither of these to her were "forbaddin".
She asked for a mailman who a bill would not bring
And a faithful alarm clock that would never ring.

Swiftly and deftly with each turn of the spike
She tosses them steaks, chops and the like;
For the sweet Junie Bear we all once knew
Is now taming lions in the Brookside Zoo.

Baughman's nature is serene and sweet,
While in Schultz's she carves your meat.
Her ambition was to be a surgery nurse,
So believe me, folks, things could be worse.

Bell graduated with a plan in her head,
"I'll make a million a year," she said.
This she did and to the world gave amaze
When she patented the yo-yo that goes sideways.

Next there was Benning who always had troubles.
She just didn't know that troubles were double.
She joined the police force for juvenile kids,
Fell over a bike and fractured her ribs.

Bertka had a yen for far away places.
In pictures she starred in "Too Many Faces".
Her movie a flop . . . her pennies at ten „ . . .
She went to the dogs. Amen. Amen.

Bertsche's vision we were told,
Was 20-20 and valued like gold
This we believed till the day we read
"Wife kisses egg, cracks husband instead."

Her aim in life was to be a beautician.
Waves and curls . . . she was full of ambition.
Blakey did quite well with her little French bob,
Till the Toni Twins took over the job.

Bowdler basks in the sun all day
And in this manner earns her pay.
She has no home but is a constant roamer.
For she, my friends, is a lady beach comber.

Buchanan haunted the radio stations.
Her aim was to better public relations.
She studied voice and attended rehearsals,
And today she's heard on singing commercials.

On an African safari we see life in the making.
The sand dunes she uses for all her baking.
No troubles or worries o'er faucets that leak;
For Chapman is now the twelfth wife of a sheik.

Cross's fame is known far and wide,
Her corny humor, she could not hide.
In anesthesia, people of every class
Giggled and gurgled to her laughing gas.

"In my day, I've traveled far,"
Said Dalpra, puffing a black cigar.
"But how I've done it, you'll never guess.
I drive a bus for the C. T. S."

Darby committed crimes by the dozen.
Her friends, she said, would keep her buzzin'.
They took her to prison with release on bail.
Did we say they were friends? Heck, she's still in jail.

As a great reformist, we see Davis.
How well we remember the lectures she gave us.
She preached far and wide over land, over sea.
And then came the day, she was handed the key.

Then we have Day with her cute little way.
What her future will be, we just couldn't say.
Engaged to be married What a horrible fate
She tried hog calling, and now look at her mate! ! !

Dienes held the big dipper high,
With her head tilted up to the sky.
Behind her, echoing footsteps fell . . .
"Don't just stand there, pull her out of that well!"

Dilgren as we recall her fate
Chose an embalmer for her mate.
To this day she admits being mislead,
For he turned out to be another dead head.

Dublino's winnings were piled quite high.
At this game of chance she was very sly.
Till someone said, "Can you beat a flush?"
And Gerry, darn her, had to blush.

Duga with her long blond tresses
Got a job repairing printing presses.
'Twas too late, when someone called,
"Look out, Sara, or you'll be bald."

Eble took off for a Caribbean cruise,
And on an upper deck sat down for a snooze.
The order was given "Abandon ship, save your life!"
That's why Davey Jones now has a wife.

Faulk married a man . . . girls usually do.
All she could cook was Bohemian stew.
Her man soon got so lean and lanky,
His name was Jimmie, but he looked like "Frankie".

Softly she sings, "A tisket, a tasket",
As she searches through your waste basket.
Fichtner' searching for coupons galore
For a new car is hers with three million more.

This petite little wench
Now has a job with pipe and wrench.
As a plumber's assistant the question will come,
"Where's our Water, 'Frum'?"

As a stewardess, we must confess,
Galehouse sure had things in a mess.
If she found the plane too heavy to rise,
She'd drop off the pilot and a few supplies.

Gallagher's got sales resistance still;
That's what we thought one day until
We noticed, she'd joined the diamond clan,
Her fiance' . . . why, the Fuller Brush Man.

With all of the radios tuned in,
Our favorite serial is about to begin.
She bears everyone's burdens, worries and strife,
As Joan Gibbons stars in "Girl Faces Life".

Golden's folks bought a farm,
And this caused the neighbors great alarm.
For they could see, and how!
Nancy's energy hitched to a plow.

Griffith wore hats that men thought were silly.
They had fruit bowls on top and sides that were frilly.
Laugh all they want, she continued to wear 'em.
"If I can't get the men, at least I can scare them."

To be a barber was her ambition
And for this task she had no inhibition.
And now to her shop we proudly point.
A feminine place known as "Gruse's Clip Joint".

Hornyak got a job as nurses do.
It wasn't good, but she didn't stew.
Her friends would laugh and then would tease,
"Sling that mop or get on your knees!"

Kline had a weakness for eating.
Rather than miss a meal she'd take a beating.
She became so fat she shook like jello
When she sat down to play her cello.

Long bobs are back and dye's up a quarter.
Wide belts are out and skirts are shorter.
We found her in bed, upright and screaming.
"Wake up, Komara, you're only dreaming!"

The American Florists held their convention;
To choose the name was their intention.
The judges debated from their heads to their toes.
They named it at last the "Leighninger Rose".

Who had a knack for cutting hair?
Who cut the hair until heads were bare?
Who landed a cue-ball for his dough?
Who you say? . . . Jennie Marie LaVerne Lemmo!

College after college Massard attended.
To earn more degrees was what she intended.
She studied and studied until she retired.
Alas and alack, 'twas 'fore she was hired.

Now May had many an offer of jobs,
From honest folk and them who robs.
But to all of this, there was this hitch . . .
At just which one could she get "Rich"?

Miller spent time reading a book
Entitled, "How to Get Up in the World by Hook or Crook."
However today toward that book she is bitter
'Cause she got no further than a flag pole sitter.

Myers loved horse racing and all that it brings.
So she entered a nag in the sport of kings.
She placed all her earnings right on his nose.
Alas and alack, it was the wrong end she chose.

Nelson had a cough and a cold,
Which plagued her till she was old.
She left this earth and to each did will us . . .
A dollar and one "pneumobacillus".

3 o'clock . . . 4 o'clock . . . 5 o'clock . . . 6
Hit her with a wash cloth, beat her with sticks.
She'll yell and she'll scream and she'll moan with pains,
But always in bed our Novak remains.

Ormiston welcomes all contributions
For she now prints blanks for institutions.
Her problem is what diagnosis to leave out
In order to help the nurse who's in doubt.

Palenschat ran a pet shop and sold cats.
She dressed them all in little red spats,
Angora sweaters and argyle socks.
Has she got holes in her head? Nope, just rocks!

Our boat pulls in to an Hawaiian pier,
And over the side we spy with a leer
Our Perry clad in a gay sarong.
Diving for pennies she can't go wrong.

Pimsner dreamed of a life of ease.
She chose a position with the fish canneries.
Each summer she basks on the river and dreams
As she counts the salmon that float up the streams.

A republican in office was what she dreamed.
Probst and Dewey . . . very well teamed . . .
They lost the election, alas and alack!
What is Probst doing? Selling shellack!

Purpura's voice inspired her fellow men,
And to do great things she had a yen.
So to lead the masses was her fate.
She now calls trains for the "Nickel Plate".

Renck remained and taught pharmacology,
Thought she seemed more qualified for psychology.
The probies all idolized her with their souls,
And now their motto is . . . "Check that head for holes!"

To aid humanity Richey felt compelled.
In the field of surgery she excelled.
She became famous . . . it was just her luck
To find what was common in the common bile duct.

Every afternoon from one to three
You'll find her teaching at the Armory.
You're shocked to find your arms don't fit you
When Shuman finishes her class in ju-jit-su.

Shumaker had a flare for romance.
She loved to wine and dine and dance.
But she's now given up amour with Latin lovers.
She'd rather play tiddley-winks with manhole covers.

There is a girl we seldom now see.
She went to college to get a degree.
She wrote us a letter . . . her studies were fine.
And now why is Stanton workin' in a mine?

We struggled and labored two years or more.
We fed her pastry and sweets galore.
But all of this to no avail
We still weigh Thoms on a baby scale!!

Nothing too difficult for our Miss Towle,
To head the A. N. A. was her goal.
Alas, she missed and today she is blue,
To head a beer is all she knew.

To the list of inventors, like Marconi and Bell
They've added our Trask, we're proud to tell.
The cause for this fame that does behoove her?
Why, she invented a new Freckle Remover.

Van Cure, an excellent artist and designer,
Made her living on a luxury liner.
In her leisure time she fished for basses,
And landed one wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

"Now children," says Van Gorder carefully,
"Tell me what comes after 3."
"Teacher, that we just can't do."
"Oh yes, you can, it's 3.2!!"

Van Sickle went to Spain to make some money.
Then came home with a big fat honey.
Money's gone, but honey did remain.
Oh, that sneaky, treacherous Spain.

Weber yearned for far away places
With weird sounding names and silly faces.
You'll find her each day at Euclid Beach Park
Directing traffic for the "Laugh in the Dark".

Wills fell in love with a banker, you know.
He was tall, dark and handsome with plenty of dough.
When proposing, he paused and waited a bit,
She knew what to say, but just couldn't say it.

Yanney dreamed of baseball, Indian style,
So she took to the plate her very first trial.
Over the fence the ball did go.
Now they have Yanney instead of Boudreau.

Yenne's bags are packed—she's ready to go.
The map is open to a place called Rio.
Her dreams were flavored with a Latin lore,
As the bus driver called "All out, 'Woostore'."

"Come to Granny, for I've a story to tell."
And round her the kiddies flocked to hear well.
"One day I married Grandpa," she'd say,
"And if I hadn't, I'd be 'Young' today."

Zilk had a talent — for what we won't say.
She wrote a book on the "Eight Best Ways".
The Hayes couldn't see the book in production.
The subject, of course, weight reduction!!

All good things must come to an end
And so we say as friend to friend
With our brows wrinkled and our backs bent,
"As poets go — we went!"

Our Home



This Residence, our home during the last year of our nursing education, has brought us comfortable and pleasant living. In it we have made new friendships and strengthened old ones. This building will always be dear to us because of our memories of friends who lived in it with us. May we take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to Dr. Carter and associates for making this possible. We have found here companions who answered the description the philosopher, Kahlil Gibran, has given us of friendship:

"Your friend is your needs answered.

He is your field which you sow with love and reap with Thanksgiving.

And he is your board and your fireside.

For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace. When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay".....

And let your best be for your friend.

If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.

For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill?

Seek him always with hours to live.

For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness.

And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures.

For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed."

From "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran

Residence Staff



K. DAVIS
Residence Director



E. PERKINS
Assistant Residence Director



P. CANNON, S. TOWNHILL
Housekeeping



J. LUCHIK
Relief Hostess



H. MIDDLETON
Day Hostess



B. VAN DEUSEN
Night Hostess

Life in the Residence



1. Help Me!! 2. Soups On. 3. Lounge Lounging. 4. "Suffering" with Dr. Agony. 5. "I'll never take it off." 6. Bookworm. 7. Service with a smile. 8. Meeting the Deadline. 9. This book a must. 10. Miss Galehouse . . . Hostess.



First row: P. Hillyer, P. Huntsinger, R. Sinner, B. Birkbeck, L. Wertz.
 Second row: D. Petrick, A. Morris, P. Miser, B. Walker.
 Third row: M. Wyatt, A. Miller, P. Robertson.
 Fourth row: M. Leak, B. Rhode, E. Sykes, D. Masters, J. Schupp, S. Siciliano, S. Over.

Hold high the torch, you did not light its glow,
 'Twas given you from other hands, you know,
 'Tis only yours to keep burning bright,
 Yours to pass on when you no more need light,
 For there are other feet that you must guide
 And other forms go marching by your side,
 Their eyes are watching every tear and smile,
 And efforts that you may not think worthwhile
 May sometime be the very help they need,
 Actions to which their souls would give most heed.
 So that in turn they lift it high and say
 I watched my sister carry it this way.
 If brighter paths would beckon you to choose
 Would your small gain compare with all you'd lose?
 Then lift the torch, you did not light its glow,
 'Twas given you from other hands, you know,
 I think it started down its pathway bright
 The day the Master said, "Let there be light."

1951 B



First row: V. Burrier, I. Ford, M. Anderson, L. Saylor, C. Vasko, C. Samuelson, L. Syroski, L. Anthony.
 Second row: R. Bynacek, G. Colgrove, S. Faris, C. Veal, R. Young, J. Venable.
 Third row: L. Green, R. Gilmore, D. Brindley, R. Fletcher, C. Rupp, R. Geiser, P. Ruggiero, E. Zoba.
 Fourth row: A. Sladek, P. Brown, N. Stewart, J. Broeske, M. Stephan, M. Serpan, P. Tempas.
 Fifth row: L. Schwann, M. Van Boxel, J. Bowers, E. Stark, C. Schroeder.
 Sixth row: B. Delventhal, J. Allen, M. Dolde.



First row: J. Masters, J. Meckstroth, B. Lewellyn, P. Ohrn, J. Reese, C. McCune.
 Second row: B. McCoy, M. Roode, M. Reichman, T. Guelcher, D. Martini.
 Third row: R. Macosko, P. Olsen, N. Munn, M. Pannier.
 Fourth row: N. Page, M. Rouse, E. Rowland.

1951 *A*



B. Dahlen, F. Duca, B. Boyd, M. St. Clair, R. Gaspard, P. Eckfeld.

1952 *A*



First row: R. Pennock, D. Soule, M. Swanson, M. Davis, B. Eva, M. Hollowaty.
 Second row: D. Davis, J. Mullen, E. Monnich, A. Swanson, N. Starkey, B. Darby, B. James.
 Third row: M. Biddell, S. Eucher, N. Horst, S. Vick, C. Koeppen, D. Lynn.
 Fourth row: R. White, N. Horn, J. Sadler.
 Last row: M. J. Guzowski.

Student Government

OFFICERS OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

President	NANCY GOLDEN
Vice-President	ELEANOR SYKES
Secretary	JACQUELINE NELSON
Treasurer	SHIRLEY OVER
Advisors	RUTH SMITH KATHLEEN DAVIS

The Cooperative Organization of Saint Luke's School of Nursing is the lengthy but official title of our student government. All students automatically belong to this organization which, under the sympathetic leadership of Miss Smith, tries to promote spirit toward all activities of the student body by presenting a well-rounded program throughout the year. The cabinet composed of the officers and chairmen of committees meets once each month to consider student government projects and problems.

The organization now has its own room for cabinet and committee meetings. This room was furnished, in part, by funds given by the Junior Women's Board of the Hospital. Mass meetings are enlivened by the cheery atmosphere of our new recreation room.

There is a social side to our life, also, as is illustrated by a Hobo Party in the fall, and, a Snow Ball in December, beside various money making projects such as the Christmas Bazaar and the Carnival. Orientation teas for new students and their parents as well as get-acquainted parties introduce new students to their new surroundings and friends. The Social and Big Sister Committees are responsible for these phases of the program.

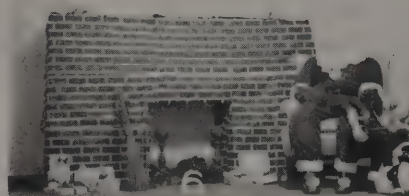
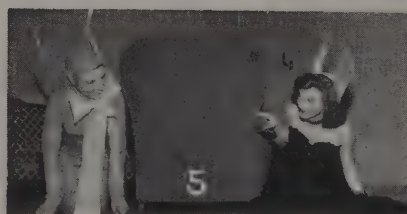
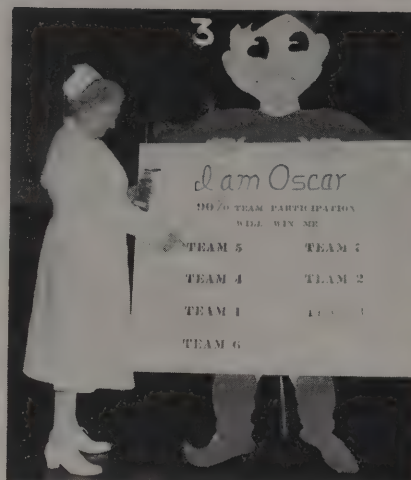
The House and Infraction Committees attempt to make life in our new residence run as smoothly as possible. For our spiritual side, the Vesper Committee has held chapel every Friday evening with Reverend Bright or a visiting minister as speaker.

Two new committees—Library and Service—have been added. The Library Committee tries to stimulate the prompt return of books. The purpose of the Service Committee is to do something for someone outside the student group itself.

The choral group, which is now under the capable leadership of Mrs. Eva C. Haskin, practices busily every Tuesday evening. Their songs added to the impressiveness of the dedication service for our new residence, as well as the capping and graduation services. The new music room provides a cheerful spot for their practice sessions and adds inspiration to their singing.

The program has increased so greatly since we moved into the new residence that mass meetings have been necessary almost every month. Some of the problems arising from this increased program have been presented by interesting skits. The morale of the group has been improving as evidenced by better attendance at mass meetings.

Curtain Call



1. Xmas on Stage. 2. "Mr. Joe" Probst. 3. Oscar Awards. 4. The "Big Noise" and "Prof".
5. "Ears" to You. 6. Santa at the fireside. 7. Get your programs here . . . 8. Sweets from the Sweethearts.

Laborous Duties



1. C. Wills, R. Stanton, J. Davis. 2. B. Ruhf. 3. P. Thurber, R.N. 4. M. Ross, R.N., E. Berkowitz, R.N. 5. S. Siciliano, S. Duga. 6. D. Day. 7. N. Novak. 8. M. Benning, "Jimmie", R. Merley, M.D., P. Barabos, R.N. 9. P. Huntszinger, G. Young, P. Hillyer, N. Gilchrist, M. Green. 10. E. Probst.

All In A Day's Work



Duty Calls



1. M. Tschischek. 2. W. Bosien. 3. K. Brown, R. Spiller, D. Lyon, M. MacIvor. 4. E. Crain.
5. W. Downing, J. Atkins. 6. M. Lowe. 7. Finishing. 8. Jerry Masters, Sam Ruhl.

Spring Fever



1. A. Anderson, E. Dalpra. 2. New Cap Display. 3. S. Duga, A. Eble. 4. Ooh—la—la. 5. Still Life? 6. Traditional Pose. 7. "Probies". 8. Fun With Cupid. 9. Humpty-Dumpty. 10. Time Out From Class. 11. Roommates.

Greetings

from

The Alumnae Association

We extend to you

An invitation to join us

As soon as you are eligible

Compliments
of
The Junior Board
of
Saint Luke's Hospital

Compliments
of
The Gift Shop Committtee
of the
Senior Women's Board
of
Saint Luke's Hospital

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We can furnish you with either zippers, grippers or buttons. We copy any style.

Uniforms are made, so they fit perfectly, eliminating any strain, and they will wear much longer.

The prices are practically the same as ready-made uniforms of the same quality.

If you will consider all these advantages, you will find that made-to-order uniforms are less expensive than ready-made uniforms.

We also specialize in uniforms for the Graduating Classes.

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"BUY Americas' most asked for bras and girdles at ANN'S"
Fleexes, Gossard, Warners, Formfit, Life, Hollywood, V-ette,
Peter Pan, Lilyette, Bali, Maiden Form, Perma Lift, Bien Jolie,
Nemo, Jantzen.

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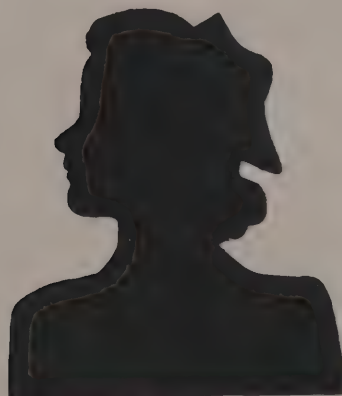
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